

MADELINE'S STORY.

(Continued from First Page.)

nized any expressions as those she was accustomed to use. After a long pause she handed back the first one, saying, with a smile, "I did write that." Of the others she said she might have written them.

One of them contained a lock of hair.

THE SCHOOL-GIRL LETTERS.

Attorneys Carlisle and Wilson occupied a quarter of an hour in reading these school girl letters, after which Mr. Butterworth read them to the jury. The first one, dated in March, 1883, began: "Dear Owen" said that she had put his last letter under her pillow and cried herself to sleep, expressed regret for a letter written on Valentine's day as having been unmaidenly; said that he was the most honorable boy she had ever known, and that he must consider her "the love sick maiden all forlorn;" assured him that he must not think her broken hearted because Roche had married the girl of his choice, as she had only talked with him that one evening. It also inquired "who that George Reddick is that mamma eulogizes to the skies?" expressed sorrow that he had not sent his picture, as she would rather have it than anything else; invited him to come up and stay over Sunday; said she understood that when the gentle zephyrs came he and some one else were to tie the knot with their tongues they could not untie with their teeth, with the poetical quotation:

"It is best for me to know love, best for you and best for me."

Another letter to Owen Robinson began: "Friend Owen"; was flowery with poetical quotations of that character patronized by school girls; and closed: "Your dearest friend, Madeline Vivian Pollard."

The lock of hair was enclosed in this letter, but Mr. Butterworth contended that it was of a rather light shade, inquiring whether her hair had grown darker. Miss Pollard said that it might have been here; that she probably wrote the letter, although she did not remember it.

"Was Owen Robinson a suitor of yours?" Mr. Butterworth asked.

"What do you mean by a suitor?" Miss Pollard inquired in return, explaining, "I liked him extremely well. There was no love affair between us; no talk of marriage or anything of that sort. We were very good friends. Owen was the son of a poor woman, but very ambitious, and his tuition was paid by a rich friend."

Mr. Butterworth again referred to the letter which Miss Pollard had avowed on Friday was not written by herself. She asked him to show it to her again, saying that while the expressions of some of them seemed familiar, the handwriting did not, but she did not wish to disclaim any letter she had ever written. There was silence while the plaintiff read the letter.

A FORGERY.

"I did not write that letter; I never did. I pronounce it a forged letter," she exclaimed with emphasis.

"Then you are sure you did not write it?"

"I never wrote such things as are in that, and no one knows that better than the man who sits behind you. An expert might have done it, and it did."

Mr. Wilson reproved his client for her excitement, telling her that she must not forget herself.

"I know, but then they must begin that," she replied excitedly. Then she asked to be shown the envelope it came in, but there was none in court.

Returning to the circumstances of Colonel Breckinridge's first visit to her at the seminary, Mr. Butterworth asked if he had told her that he was in town on some railroad business, which the plaintiff denied, asserting: "He said he had come to see me and he overhauled me with a glance."

She had known of Col. Breckinridge, having often heard her uncle, who had fought in Breckinridge's brigade, speak of him and parenthetically she remarked after Mr. Butterworth had asked whether she knew much about him, "I don't think anybody knew very much about Colonel Breckinridge until lately."

Considerable time was spent in eliciting from Miss Pollard the story of the beginning of the alleged illicit relations with Colonel Breckinridge. When Mr. Butterworth asked her when she first went there she knew the character of the house of Sarah Guest, in Lexington, to which Colonel Breckinridge took her Miss Pollard, responded almost in a shriek: "No, sir! No, sir! No, sir!"

The trip to Lexington had been made under the pretence on the part of Colonel Breckinridge that he wished to look over the school to which he proposed sending her.

THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

Regarding the deposition of Rosell, who is said to have been Miss Pollard's lover while she was at school, Miss Pollard said significantly, that statement would not have been made "except for internal revenue."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Butterworth.

"You know," was Miss Pollard's response.

Mr. Butterworth disavowed any knowledge upon that point, whereupon Miss Pollard said: "Mr. Rosell is a candidate for a government office in Mr. Breckinridge's district."

Recurring to the incidents in the house of Sarah Guest, Miss Pollard said: "It was during that half hour that I agreed to give myself soul and body and life to that man and he knows —"

Mr. Butterworth—"Hold on, that is argument," and continuing, he asked: "You agreed then to give yourself to him?"

Miss Pollard—"I did, I promised, and up to the 17th of May, 1893, I was faithful to him."

"Up to that time your life had been pure?"

"It had."

"You know Colonel Breckinridge was a married man?"

"He told me so."

"You knew that he had a wife and children?"

"He told me so."

"What relation did you propose to sustain to him in the future?"

"I thought nothing of it. I think under the circumstances people ordinarily do not."

"You concluded to give yourself up to him entirely?"

Mr. Wilson—"That is a metaphysical argument."

Mr. Butterworth—"You knew that you were losing your respectability and standing?"

"I did not then."

"How soon did you realize it?"

A. (weeping)—Not until it had made me an outcast. Until he had made my life too hard to bear. He ruined me, but I loved him then. His slightest wish was law to me."

"Did you know your course was all wrong?"

"Mr. Breckinridge was a man who could make anything seem right with his arguments."

During this passage which seemed to affect Miss Pollard deeply and which visibly moved the audience of men before her, Colonel Breckinridge sat fac-

ing her with his chin resting on his hands and no traces of emotion appearing on his face.

Once, when Mr. Butterworth inquired how long they had remained in the designation house at Cincinnati, Miss Pollard replied that she could not remember, it must have been two or three hours. "How long was it, Mr. Breckinridge?" An interrogation which provoked a laugh.

Miss Pollard's expenses while at school in Lexington, it was developed, had been partly paid by Colonel Breckinridge, but he could not give her very much, because it would have awakened the suspicions of Mr. Rhodes. Mr. Butterworth: "You knew that if your relations became known it would mean disgrace to both of you?"

"I knew it."

"You concealed your relations with him then?"

"I did my part and he did his."

"Did Mr. Rhodes pay your board?"

"You don't think even Mr. Breckinridge was as bad as that. Mr. Rhodes paid my tuition."

RHODES IN IGNORANCE.

Questions were asked regarding the location of Miss Pollard's room at her boarding place, with two old ladies, while she attended the Sayre Institute, in Lexington, evidently with the intention of showing that she might have received visitors at night unknown to the rest of the household.

"Did Mr. Rhodes know of your relations to Mr. Breckinridge?" was asked.

"Indeed he did not, or Mr. Breckinridge would not have been living to-day."

"Then you were under a sort of contract to marry Mr. Rhodes in return for the money for your schooling, Mr. Breckinridge was keeping you and you were engaged to Mr. Rosell?"

(Deliberately)—"Yes, Mr. Butterworth, it was as bad as it sounds. And he knew it all." (Referring to Mr. Breckinridge.)

Speaking of her life in Cincinnati, when her first child was born Miss Pollard said that she had told all sorts of mysterious stories to keep Dr. Street from suspecting her identity. "I took the little room opposite the mattress factory because it was inexpensive and he could not afford to pay much money for me," she said.

"Please remember the state of my mind when that article was written. I was all but insane," she said again, when a minor discrepancy between her testimony and the article purporting to be hers, recently published in the New York World, was noted. At the Norwood convent she had worn a veil so that no one but Sister Cecelia had seen her face. During that time her letters to Colonel Breckinridge had been addressed to "Margaret Dillon, Box 47, Lexington, Ky."

When she had visited the convent after the suit was filed, Sister Agnes had not at first recognized her, but before she left had said "she has undoubtedly been here."

"Did she not tell you that you were an immoral woman?" asked Mr. Butterworth.

"She did not. She attempted to give me a sort of a lecture. She asked why I wanted to ruin that old man in his old age. I replied, 'Why did he want to ruin me in my youth?' She said that I ought to think of his daughters, and I said that he did not have pity on me when I was somebody's daughter, nor on my daughter and his that he made me give away." (With emotion.)

Mr. Butterworth—Did you not tell her that this suit was brought for revenge?

FALSE TESTIMONY.

Miss Pollard—"That is as false as words can be framed. I told her that I wanted him to bear his share of the responsibility in this matter, and that I would go through the world carrying my own share, but I would not bear all the burden he had placed upon me. I believe that there is a principle behind this matter. I believe that justice will be done, and I believe that these men (turning to the jury) will help to see it done."

When Mr. Butterworth asked some question about money matters, Miss Pollard said he only effort at the time referred to, as it always had been, was to conceal her relations with Mr. Breckinridge.

Mr. Butterworth—"You have not done anything as a free and independent agent since you passed under his control?"

Shaking her head, with a faint smile, the answer came "I don't believe I ever have."

Mr. Butterworth was asking Miss Pollard about her ambitions for the future in those early years, when she said:

"I knew I was to always be in Mr. Breckinridge's life because the night before I left for the Norwood asylum, he made me promise to give my child away. He said that if he was ever able to marry me he would, and that if he could not marry me, he would keep me in his life always."

For two years when she was first in Washington, she had met Mr. Breckinridge three or four times a week in a house on Fourth street. She had spent one summer at Bread Loaf Inn, in Vermont, a semi-fashionable resort ten miles from Middlebury, kept by Joseph Battell.

She denied having represented herself as an authoress of reputation. She had met there a woman named Mrs. Bridges, of Brooklyn, "the one who wrote the article in the Standard Union."

"What article?" asked Mr. Butterworth.

"The one you are leading up to." (The article in question was one which appeared Saturday.)

"Was the article true?" was the next question.

"It is mainly untrue. It is colored to suit events. It is not true that I have ever taken opium, nor that I represented myself as the author of the poem 'Love's Power,' written by Mrs. Josephine Pollard."

She had read the poem at Bread Loaf to a little audience.

THE ARTICLE DISSECTED.

Mr. Butterworth read extracts from the article, drawing questions from them. Miss Pollard had not known James Russell Lowell, as Mrs. Bridges said had been her boast, but had visited his grave, had known his relatives well and had been entertained by his wife's sister, Mrs. Dr. Howe, in Cambridge. She had known William Dean Howells, the author, had great respect for him as he had always been kind in answering her questions and had received letters from him which her counsel had.

It was suggested by Judge Bradley that this questioning was all collateral, whereupon Mr. Wilson said that he had permitted it because he was very glad to have the article brought into the case; that he would use it later. He reminded Mr. Butterworth that the defense must be bound by the answers to those questions, and with considerable sarcasm in his tone trusted that Brother Butterworth would read the entire article.

Miss Pollard, to further questions, said that on her return to Washington in the fall of 1892, when Breckinridge first formally proposed to marry her he had met her—

"Was it in a proper place?" interrupted Mr. Butterworth.

"It was not. It was in a house of assignment on A street. He said to me,

"Madeline, this is no place for us to talk of these things," so we went out on the street together. He told me about his children, his prospects and his intentions."

"Did you ever talk of marriage while his wife was alive?"

"Very rarely."

"But you did talk of it?"

"We did."

Here the court adjourned with the cross-examination still unfinished.

CONFUSION OF NAMES.

This Breckinridge not the One who Presided at the Presbyterian Assembly.

Col. William P. C. Breckinridge, the defendant in the sensational Pollard case, is not a Presbyterian elder, and is not even a member of the Presbyterian church. He is a son of the great theologian, the Rev. Dr. Robert Breckinridge, and has always been a church-goer, and on account of his illustrious ancestry has often honored by the church on social occasions.

Not being an elder, Mr. Breckinridge has never been a commissioner to any general assembly. He has been confounded with his illustrious cousin, Judge Samuel M. Breckinridge, an elder of the Second Presbyterian church of St. Louis. Judge Breckinridge died on the platform of the general assembly at Detroit, immediately at the close of an eloquent speech against Dr. Briggs.

THE CHITTLE CREEK STRIKE.

The Miners' Union Accepts the Reduction. Everything Quiet—Troops Withdrawn.

CHITTLE CREEK, CO., March 19.—The Independence mine, one of the largest properties here, started up work to-day with a small force on a basis of nine hours for the day shift and eight for the night shifts, the miners to receive \$3 25 per shift. This offer was made the men the day they quit work several weeks ago and refused. It was renewed a few weeks ago and last night accepted by the miners' union. Everything was quiet to-day. The troops were lying in camp with no indications of any movement on their part.

After a conference by telephone with Adjutant General Tarsney, Governor Walte issued an order calling all the troops to their homes. General Tarsney, after a careful canvass of the situation, advised the governor that he was satisfied that the county authorities were not needed.

STRUCK BY A SNOWSLIDE.

A Train Thought to Have Been Swept Over a High Embankment.

SEATTLE, WASH., March 19.—A report was received to-day that the Great Northwestern freight train which left Shohomish Saturday night was struck by a snow slide near there and swept over an embankment 150 feet high. Six men perished with it. The train is said to have gone entirely out of sight under the slide in the valley. The local officers of the road claim to know nothing of it, and they express doubt as to the truth of the report. The west bound passenger train was delayed by a snow slide and boulder on the track near Wellington. The boulders were so large that they had to be blasted away. All attempts to get information by wire from near the scene of the wreck have failed.

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